

T. W. ORRALL.

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O C E A N.

A N
O D E.

O C C A S I O N ' D
By His MAJESTY's late Royal ENCOURAGEMENT of the SEA-SERVICE.

To which is prefix'd,
An ODE to the KING: And a DISCOURSE
ON ODE.

By the AUTHOR of the UNIVERSAL
PASSION.



L O N D O N :
Printed for THO. WORRALL, at the *Judge's Head*,
over-against St. *Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-street*,
MDCCXXVIII.

OCEAN.

AND
F. D.

ON OCCASION

BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENGINEERS
IN THE ROYAL NAVY SERVICE.



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OCEAN.

A N O D E.

OCCASION'D

By His MAJESTY's late Royal ENCOURAGEMENT of the SEA-SERVICE.



THINK My Self obliged to recommend to you a Consideration of the greatest Importance, and I should look upon it as a great Happiness, if, at the Beginning of My Reign, I could see the Foundation laid of so great and necessary a Work, as the Encrease and En-

B

couragement

couragement of our Seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compell'd by Force and Violence, to enter into the Service of their Country, as oft as Occasion shall require it: A Consideration worthy of the Representatives of a People great, and flourishing in Trade, and Navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the Case of *Greenwich* Hospital, that Care may be taken by some Addition to that Fund, to render comfortable, and effectual, that charitable Provision for the Support, and Maintenance of Our Sea-men, worn out, and become decrepit by Age, and Infirmities, in the Service of their Country.

PATER PATRIÆ.

Jan. 27, 1727.

T O



T O T H E
K I N G.



O C E A N's praise

Demands my lays ;

A truly-*British* Theme I sing ;

A theme so great,

I dare compleat,

And join with **O C E A N, O C E A N's** King.

II.

To Gods, and Kings,

The poet sings ;

To Kings, and Gods the Muse is dear ;

The Muse inspires

With all her fires ;

Begin, my soul ! thy bold career.

III.

From awful *state*,

From high *debate*,

From *morning-splendors* of a crown,

From *homage* pay'd,

From *empires* weigh'd,

From plans of *blessings*, and *renown*.

IV.

Great Monarch ! bow

Thy beaming brow ;

To Thee I strike the sounding lyre,

With proud design

In verse to shine ;

To rival *Greek*, and *Roman* fire.

V. The

V.

The *Roman* Ode
 Majestick flow'd ;
 Its *stream* divinely clear, and strong ;
 In sense, and sound,
Thebes rowl'd profound ;
 The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
 So fam'd, presume
 To triumph o'er a Northern Isle ;
 Late Time shall know
 The *North* can glow,
 If dread AUGUSTUS deign to smile.

VII.

The work is done !
 The distant sun
 His smile supplies ! exalts my voice !
 Thro' Earth's wide bound
 Shall GEORGE resound,
 My theme, by *duty*, and by *choice*.

VIII. The

VIII.

The Naval crown
 Is all his own :
 Our Fleet, if war, or commerce call,
 His will performs
 Thro' waves, and storms,
 And rides in triumph round the Ball.

IX.

Since then the *Main*
 Sublimes my strain,
 To whom should I address my song ?
 To whom but THEE ?
 The boundless Sea,
 And grateful Muse, to GEORGE belong.

IX.

Hail mighty theme !
 Rich Mine of fame !
 If Gods invok'd extend their aid ;
 Hail subject new !
 As Britain's due
 Reserv'd by the *Pierian* maid.

XI. Durst

XI.

Durst *Homer's* Muse,
 Or *Pindar's* chuse
 To pour the billows on his string?
 No, both defraud
 The tuneful God;
 Scarce more sublime, when *Jove* they sing.

XII.

No former Race,
 With strong embrace,
 This theme to ravish durst aspire;
 With virgin charms
 My soul it warms,
 And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
 My fingers fly,
 Now pause, and now fresh musick spring;
 Now dance, now creep,
 Now dive, now sweep,
 And fetch the sound from every string.

XIV. Now

XIV.

Now numbers rise;
Like virgin's sighs;
The soft *Farvonians* melt away;
As from the North,
Now rushes forth
A Blast, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the growing lines;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat;
At every stroke the work refines!

XVI.

How musick charms?
How meter warms?
Parent of actions good, and brave!
How vice it tames?
And worth inflames?
And holds proud empire o'er the grave?

XVII. *Jove*

XVIII.

Jove mark'd for man
 A scanty span,
 But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
 To wit he gave
 The life of Gods! immortal bloom!

XIX.

Since *years* will fly,
 And *pleasures* die,
 Day after day, as years advance;
 Since while life lasts,
 Joy suffers blasts
 From frowning *fate*, and fickle *chance*;

XX.

Nor Life is long;
 But soon we throng,
 Like Autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore;
 We make, at least,
 Of *bad* the *best*,
 If in life's phantom, *Fame*, we soar.

XXI.

Our strains divide
The Lawrels pride;
With those we list to live, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings, which we give.

XXII.

What Heroe's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
" Justice sincere,
" And Courage clear,
" Rise the two columns of his throne.

XXIII.

" How form'd for sway?
" Who look, obey,
" They read the Monarch in his port.
" Their love, and awe,
" Supply the law;
" And his own lustre makes the court;

XXIV. " But

[II]

XXIV.

“ *But shines supream,*
 “ *Where Heroes flame;*
 “ *In War's high-beari'd pomp he prides!*
 “ *By godlike arts*
 “ *Enthron'd in hearts,*
 “ *Our bosom-lord o'er wills presides.*

XXV.

Our factions end!
 The nations bend!
 For when *Britannia's* sons combin'd,
 In fair array,
 All march one way;
 They march the terror of mankind.

XXVI.

If *equal* all
 Who tread the ball,
 Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end;
 But Heroes prove
 As steps to *Jove*,
 By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend;

XXVII.

From what we view
 We take the clue,
 Which leads from great, to greater things;
 Men doubt no more,
 But Gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in Kings.

XXVIII.

On yonder height,
 What golden light
 Triumphant shines? and shines *alone*?
 Unrivall'd blaze!
 The nations gaze!
 'Tis not the sun, 'tis *Britain's* throne.

XXIX.

Our monarch, there,
 Rear'd high in air,
 Shou'd tempests rise, disdains to bend;
 Like *British* oak,
 Derides the stroke;
 His blooming honours far extend!

XXX. Beneath

XXX.

Beneath them lies,
 With lifted eyes,
 Fair *Albion*, like an amorous maid ;
 While *Interest* wings,
 Bold, foreign Kings
 To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XXXI.

At his proud foot
 The *Sea* pour'd out,
 Immortal nourishment supplies ;
 Thence *wealth*, and *state*,
 And *pow'r*, and --- *Fate*,
 Which *Europe* reads in *George's* eyes.

F I N I S.



O N

Lyrick POETRY.



OW imperfect soever my own Composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two, of the Nature of *Lyrick* Poetry; to shew that I have, at least, some Idea of Perfection in that kind of Poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think my self *Poet* enough entirely to rely on *Inspiration* for my Success in it.

To our having, or not having this *Idea of Perfection* in the Poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the Merit, or Demerit of our Performances, as also the Modesty, or Vanity of our Opinions concerning them.

And

And in speaking of it: I shall show how it unavoidably comes to pass, that *bad* Poets, that is Poets *in general*, are esteem'd, and really *are* the most *vain*, the most *irritable*, and most *ridiculous* Set of men upon earth. But Poetry in its own nature is certainly

Non hoc *quæsitum* munus in usus: VIRG.

He that has an *Idea of Perfection* in the Work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *must*: And yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of Beauty, how *short*, or *improper* soever, will be look'd on fondly by him; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promis'd to himself; and because he has no *Test*, or *Standard* in his Judgment, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this *Idea of Perfection* is, in Poetry more refin'd, than in other kinds of writing;

ting; and because more refin'd, therefore more difficult; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attain'd; and the non-attainment of it, is, (as I have said) the Source of our Vanity. Hence the Poetick Clan are more *obnoxious to vanity* than Others. And from Vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that *quick resentment*, that tinder of the Mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the *Genus Irritabile* among mankind. And from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious Things, Things look'd on by most as foreign to the Important Points of Life, as consequentially flows that Inheritance of *Ridicule*, which devolves on them, from Generation to Generation. As soon as they become Authors, they become like *Ben. Johnson's* angry Boy, and learn the Art of Quarrel.

--- *Concordes*

— *Concordes Animæ, dum nocte premuntur ;
 Heu ! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
 Attigerint, quantas acies, stragemque ciebunt ?
 Qui Juvenes ! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires.
 Ne, Pueri ! ne tanta animis assuescite bella.
 Tuque prior, Tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 Syderio flagrans clypeo, & caelestibus armis,
 Projice tela manu, sanguis meus !
 Nec Te ulla facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus
 Arduus, arma tenens ; non Te Messapus, & Ufens ;
 Contemptorque Deum Mezentius.*

VIRG.

But to return. He that *has* this Idea of Perfection in the Work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be *modest* ; because to rise up to that Idea, which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two Observations account for what may seem as strange, as it is infallibly

D

true ;

true ; I mean, they shew us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* Idea of this perfection, as their portion of Ignorance, or Knowledge of it, is greater or less, have proportionable degrees of Modesty, or Conceit.

Nor, (tho' natural good Understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature,) will the *Reader* judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the Piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The *Ode*, as it is the Eldest kind of Poetry, so is it more Spirituous, and more remote from Prose than any other, in *Sense*, *Sound*, *Expression*, and *Conduct*. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral ;

Its

Its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious; Its expressions pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other Poems; Its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar Eye. That apparent order, and connection, which gives form, and life to *some* compositions, takes away the very Soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable; an humble, tame, and vulgar Ode is the most pitiful error a pen can commit.

Musa dedit Fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum.

And as its *subjects* are sublime, its writer's genius should be so too; Otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, (viz.) an *involuntary Burlesque*.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the Ode, a little to startle some

apprehensions. Men of cold Complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their Imaginations, for a Delicacy of taste in their Judgements; and, like persons of a tender sight, they look on bright objects in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what is most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus *Pindar*, who has as much Logick at the bottom, as *Aristotle*, or *Euclid*, to some Critics has appear'd as mad; and must appear so to all, who enjoy no portion of his own divine Spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measuring Others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a Monster, when they see a Man.

And indeed it seems to be the Amends which Nature makes to those whom she has not blest'd with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow

narrow limits of their own comprehensions,
and relish.

Judgment, indeed, that masculine power
of the mind, in *Ode*, as in all composi-
tions, should bear the Supream Sway; and
a beautiful *Imagination*, as its Mistress,
should be subdued to its dominion. Hence,
and hence only can proceed the fairest Off-
spring of the human mind.

But then in *Ode*, there is this difference
from other kinds of Poetry; That, *there*, the
Imagination, like a very beautiful Mistress, is
indulged in the appearance of domineering;
tho the *Judgment*, like an Artful Lover, in
reality carries its point; and the less it is su-
spected of it, It shews the more masterly con-
duct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this Province of writing,
as in war, “ The more danger, the more
“ honour.”

“honour.” It must be very Enterprizing; it must (in *Shakespear’s* Style) have hair-breadth ’Scapes; and often tread the very brink of Error: Nor can It ever deserve the applause of the *real* Judge, unless It renders itself Obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *Contrary*.

Such is *Casimire’s* Strain among the Moderns, whose lively Wit, and happy Fire is an Honour to them. And *Buchanan* might justly be much admir’d, if any thing more than the Sweetness of his Numbers, and the purity of his Diction, was his own: His Original from which I have taken my Motto, thro’ all the Disadvantages of a northern, prose-translation, is still admirable; and *Cowley* says, as preferable in Beauty to *Buchanan*, as *Judea* is to *Scotland*.

Pindar, *Anacreon*, *Sappho*, and *Horace*, are the great Masters of *Lyric* poetry among
Heathen

Heathen writers. *Pindar's* muse, like *Sa-chariffa*, is a stately, imperious, and accomplish'd Beauty; equally disdaining the use of Art, and the fear of any Rival; so intoxicating that it was the highest commendation that could be given an Antient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

A danger which *Horace* declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's Muse is like *Amoret*, most Sweet, Natural, and Delicate; all over Flowers, Graces, and Charms; inspiring Complacency, not Awe; and she seems to have good nature enough to admit a Rival, which she cannot find.

Sapho's Muse like Lady — is passionately tender, and glowing; like Oyl set
on

on fire, she is *soft*, and *warm*, in excess. *Sappho* has left us a few fragments only; Time has swallow'd the rest; But that little which remains, like the remaining Jewel of *Cleopatra*, after the other was dissolv'd at her banquet, may be esteem'd (as was that Jewel) a sufficient Ornament for the Goddess of Beauty herself.

Horace's muse, (like One I shall not presume to name,) is Correct, Solid, and Moral; she joins all the Sweetness, and Majesty, all the Sense and the Fire of the *former*, in the justest proportions, and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, That she abounds in *hidden* graces, and *secret* charms, which none but the Discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion, to her Excellency's, without giving the World, at the same time,

time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But after all, to the Honour of our own Country I must add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's day inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the Occasion; Those by which He has chosen to express Majesty, (Viz.)

Assumes the God,

Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the Spheres.

are chosen in the following Ode, because the Subject of it is Great.

For the more Harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of Rhyme; which laid me under great Difficulties. But Difficulties

E

overcome

overcome give Grace, and Pleasure. Nor can I account for the Pleasure of Rhyme in general, (of which the Moderns are too fond) but from this Truth.

But then the Writer must take care that the Difficulty is overcome. That is, He must make Rhyme consistent with a perfect *Sense*, and *Expression*, as could be expected, if He was free from that Shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither Grace to the Work, nor Pleasure to the Reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the Poet.

To sum the Whole. Ode should be peculiar, but not *strain'd*; moral, but not *flat*; natural, but not *obvious*; delicate, but not *affected*; noble, but not *ambitious*; full, but not *obscure*; fiery, but not *mad*; thick, but not *loaded* in its Numbers, which should be most *Harmonious*, without the least sacrifice of *expression*, or of *sense*. Above all, in
this,

this, as in every work of Genius, somewhat of an *Original Spirit* should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the Poet, whose Character disclaims *Mediocrity*, makes a *secondary* praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. *Originals* only have true Life, and differ as much from the best *Imitations*, as *Men* from the most animated *Pictures* of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great Standards of *Antiquity*; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtless their *Example* is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general *motives*, and fundamental *methods* of their working, than in their *works* themselves. This is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the *first*, may make us their Equals; the *second* must pronounce us their *Inferiors* even in our utmost Success.

But the *first* of these Prizes is not so readily taken by the *Moderns*; as Valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the *Theifs*.

The *Antients* had a particular regard to the choice of their *Subjects*; which were generally National, and Great. My Subject is, in its own nature, Noble; most proper for an *Englishman*; never more proper than on this Occasion; and I (what is strange) hitherto unsung.

If I stand not absolutely condemn'd by my own *Rules*; If I have hit the Spirit of *Ode* in general; If I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that *Musick alone, sometimes, makes an excellent Ode*,

Versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canoræ;

If there is any *thought, enthusiasm, and picture*, which are as the *body, soul, and*

robe

robe of poetry ; in a word, If in any degree, I have provided rather *food* for *men*, than *air* for *Wits* ; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence for the sake of the Design, which is the glory of my Country, and my King.

And indeed, this may be said, in general, That great Subjects are above being *nice* ; That Dignity, and Spirit ever suffer from scrupulous Exactness ; and That the *minuter* cares effeminate a Composition. Great masters of Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, in their nobler works, have even *affected* the contrary. And justly ; for a truly-masculine Air partakes more of the *negligent*, than of the *neat*, both in Writings, and in Life.

Grandis oratio haberet Majestatis sue pondus.

PETRON.

A poem, like a criminal, under too severe Correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was *Faber imus*, that
was

was such an artist at a *Hair*, or a *Nail*. And
we know the cause was

Quia potere totum

Nescius. ———

HOR.

To close, If a Piece of *this* nature wants
an Apology, I must own; that those who
have strength of mind sufficient profitably to
devote the whole of their time to the *severer*
Studies, I despair of imitating, I can only
envy, and admire. The mind is reliev'd,
and strengthen'd by Variety; and he that
sometimes is sporting with his pen, is only
taking the most effectual means of giving a
general Importance to it. This truth is
clear from the Knowledge of *human Nature*,
and of *History*; from which I could cite
very celebrated Instances, did I not fear,
That by citing them, I should condemn my
self, who am so little qualify'd to follow
their example in its full extent.

O C E A N.



OCEAN.

A N

O D E.

Concluding with a WISH.

*Let the Sea make a noise, let the Floods
clap their hands.*

I



W E E T rural Scene!

Of Flocks, and Green!

At careless ease my limbs are spread;

All nature still,

But yonder rill;

And list'ning pines nod o'er my head :

II. In

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless *tyde*!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling Seas
Dance on, in *measure*, to the shore.

III.

Who sings the source
Of *wealth*, and *force*?
Vast field of *commerce*, and big *war*
Where *wonders* dwell!
Where *terrors* swell!
And *Neptune* thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom *Pæan*'s ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What, none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V. The

V.

The wave resounds !
 The rock rebounds !
 The *Neirids* to my song reply !
 I lead the choir,
 And they conspire
 With voice, and shell, to lift it high ;

VI.

They spread in air
 Their bosoms fair,
 Their verdant tresses pour behind,
 The billows beat
 With nimble feet,
 With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
 Let those adore
 The God *Apollo*, and his *nine*,
Parnassus' hill,
 And *Orpheus'* skill ;
 But let *Arion's* harp be mine.

VIII.

The main ! the main !
 Is *Britain's* reign ;
 Her strength, her glory is her fleet ;
 The main ! the main !
 Be *Britain's* strain ;
 As *Triton's* strong, as *Syren's* sweet.

IX.

Thro' nature wide,
 Is nought discry'd
 So rich in pleasure, or surprize,
 When all-serene,
 How sweet the scene ?
 How dreadful, when the billows rise ?

X.

When storms deface
 The fluid glass,
 In which e'er while *Britannia* fair
 Look'd down with pride,
 Like *Ocean's* bride,
 Adjusting her majestick air ?

XI. When

XI.

When Tempests cease
 And hush'd in peace
 The flatten'd surges smoothly spread
 Deep silence keep,
 And seem to sleep
 Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance,
 The level glance
 Unbroken, shoots along the Seas?
 Which tempt from shore
 The painted oar;
 And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
 The frowning North
 On blackning billows, with what dread
 My shudering soul
 Beholds them rowl,
 And hears their roarings o'er my head?

XIV.

With terror, mark,
 Yon flying *bark* !
 Now, center-deep descend the brave;
 Now, toss'd on high
It takes the Sky,
 A feather on the tow'ring wave !

XV.

Now, spins around
 In whirls profound ;
 Now, whelm'd ; now, pendant near the clouds ;
 Now, stunn'd, it reels
 Midst thunders peals ;
 And, now, fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All Ether burns !
 Chaos returns !
 And blends, once more, the Seas and Skies ;
 No space between
 Thy bosom green,
 O Deep ! and the blue Concave, lies.

XVII. The

XVII.

The northern blast,
 The shatter'd mast,
 The fyr, the whirlpool, and the rock,
 The breaking spout,
 The stars gone out,
 The boiling streight, the monsters shock,

XVIII.

Let Others fear;
 To *Britain* dear
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
 Those terrors charm,
 Which keep her warm
 In chace of honest gain, or fame.

XIX.

The Stars are bright
 To cheer the night,
 And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire;
 And *Phæbus* flames
 With burnish'd beams,
 Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX. Are

XX.

Are then the Seas
 Outshone by *These*?
 Bright *Thetys*! thou art not outshone;
 With kinder beams,
 And softer gleams,
 Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in green
Gold-stars are seen,
 A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
 And when the Sun
 His race has run,
 He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those *Clouds* whose dyes
 Adorn the skies,
 That *Gilver Snow*, that pearly *Rain*;
 Has *Phæbus* stole
 To grace the pole,
 The plunder of the invaded Main!

XXIII. The

XXIII.

The gaudy *Bow*
 Whose colours glow,
 Whose arch, with so much skill is bent,
 To *Phæbus*' ray
 Which paints so gay,
 By Thee, the warty *Woof* was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
 Where waters sleep,
 What unknown *Treasures* pave the floor?
 The *Pearl* in rows,
 Pale lustre throws;
 The *Wealth* immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines
 With proud designs
 The Merchant sworn, digs golden *Ore*.
 The tempests rise,
 And seize the prize,
 And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI. His

XXVI.

His Son complains
 In pious strains
 " Ah cruel thirst of Gold" he cries;
 Then ploughs the main,
 In zeal for gain,
 The tears yet swelling in his Eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watry Vast!
 What mounds are cast
 To bar thy dreadful flowings-o'er:
 Thy proudest foam
 Must know its home;
 But rage of Gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys,
 But *pleasure* dies,
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy;
 Tho' *raptures* court,
 The *sense* is short;
 But *Virtue* kindles living joys;

XXIX.

Joys

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone* !
 Joys askt of *none* !
 Which Time's, and Fortune's arrows miss ;
 Joys that *subsist*,
 Tho' Fates resist,
 An unprecariois, endless blis

XXX.

The Soul *refin'd*
 Is most inclin'd
 To every *moral* excellence ;
 All vice is dull,
 A Knave's a Fool ;
 And *Virtue* is the child of *Sense*.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind
 Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
 Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
 The shaken Ball,
 Nor Planets fall,
 From its firm basis can dethrone.

G

XXXII. This

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
 And therefore glows
 With generous passions, and expends
 Her *wealth*, and *zeal*
 On publick weal,
 And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great,
 As that which late
 Awoke the Genius of the *main*,
 Which towring rose
 With *George* to close,
 And point out great *Eliza's* reign ?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
 From *Britain's* throne
 To rekindle a grand design ;
 That voice shall rear
 Yon * *fabrick* fair,
 As Nature's rose at the *diome*.

* *Greenwich*.

XXXV. When

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
 Blest Angels sung,
 And shouted o'er the rising Ball;
 For strains as high,
 As man's can fly,
 These sea-devoted Honours call.

XXXVI.

From boisterous Seas,
 The lap of Ease
 Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
 High *domes* ascend!
 Stretch'd *arches* bend!
 Proud *columns* swell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

So sleeps the grain;
 In fostering rain,
 And vital beams, till *Jove* descend;
 Then, bursts the root!
 The *verdures* shoot!
 And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

XXXVIII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
 From wave, from wind,
 And Fortune's tempest safe ashore,
 To cheat their care,
 Of former war
 They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
 Our Fleet prevails;
 In tales the lenitives of *age*!
 And, o'er the bowl,
 They fire the soul
 Of listning *youth*, to martial rage.

XL.

The story done,
 Their setting sun
 Serenely smiling down the *west*,
 In soft decay,
 They drop away;
 And *Honour* leads them to their rest.

XLI. Unhappy

XLIX.

Unhappy they!
 And falsely gay!
 Who bask for ever in success;
 A constant feast
 Quite palls the taste,
 And long enjoyment is distress.

XLII.

What charms us most,
 Our joy, our boast,
 Familiar, loses all its gloss;
 And gold refin'd
 The *sated* mind
 Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
 His native soil,
 The panting *Mariner* regains,
 What *transport* flows
 From bare *repose*?
 We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLIV. Ye

XLIV.

Ye warlike slain !
 Beneath the main,
 Wrapt in a watty winding sheet ;
 Who bought with blood
 Your country's good,
 Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charms
 Can Death disarm ?
 Your long, your iron slumbers break ?
 By *Jove*, by *Fame*,
 By *George's* name,
 Awake ! awake ! awake !

XLVI.

Our joy so proud,
 Our shout so loud,
 Without a charm the Dead might hear :
 And see, they rouse !
 Their awful brows,
 Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear !

XLVII. With

XLVII.

With spiral shell,
 Full-blasted, tell,
 That all your watry realms should ring;
 Your *pearl-alcoves*,
 Your *coral-groves*,
 Should echo *shells*, and *Britain's King*.

XLVIII.

As long as stars
 Guide mariners,
 As *Carolina's* virtues please,
 Or Suns invite,
 The ravish'd sight,
 The *British* flag shall sweep the Seas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both
 Our soils *strong growth*,
 And our bold Natives *hardly mind*;
 Sure Heaven bespoke
 Our *hearts*, and *oak*,
 To give a Master to mankind.

L. That

LIX

That noblest birth
 Of teeming Earth,
 Of forests fair that daughter proud
 To foreign coasts
 Our grandeur boasts,
 And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud.

LX

Now big with war
 Sends Fate from far,
 If rebel realms their Fate demand;
 Now, sumptuous spoils
 Of foreign Soils
 Pours in the bosom of our land.

LXI

Hence, Britain lays
 In scales, and weighs
 The Fates of Kingdoms, and of Kings;
 And as she frowns,
 Or smiles, on Crowns
 A night, or day of glory springs.

LIII. Thus

LIII.

Thus *Ocean* swells
 The streams, and rills,
 And to their borders lifts them high;
 Or else withdraws
 The mighty cause,
 And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

LIV.

How mixt, how frail,
 How sure to fail,
 Is every pleasure of mankind!
 A damp destroys
 My blooming joys,
 While *Britain's* glory fires my mind.

LV.

For who can gaze
 On restless *seas*,
 Unstruck with *life's* more restless state?
 Where *all* are tols'd,
 And *most* are lost
 By tides of *passion*, blasts of *Fate*?

H

LVI. The

LVI.

The World's the *main*,
 How vext? how vain?
 Ambition swells, and Anger foams;
 May good men find,
 Beneath the wind,
 A noiseless shore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The publick scene
 Of harden'd men
 Teach me, O teach me to despise!
 The *world* few know
 But to their woe,
 Our *crimes* with our *experience* rise;

LVIII.

All tender sense
 Is banish'd *thence*,
 All maiden nature's first alarms;
 What shock'd before
 Disgusts no more,
 And what disgusted has its charms.

LIX. In

LIX.

In landskips green
 True *bliss* is seen,
 With *Immocence*, in shades, she sports;
 In wealthy towns
 Proud labour frowns,
 And painted *sorrow* smiles in courts.

LX.

These scenes untry'd
 Seduc'd my pride,
 To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breast;
 'Till *Wisdom* came,
 A hoary dame!
 And told me *pleasure* was in *rest*.

LXI.

" O may I steal
 " Along the vale
 " Of humble life, secure from foes!
 " My friend sincere!
 " My judgment clear!
 " And gentle business my repose!

LXII.

- " *My mind be strong*
" *To combat wrong!*
" *Gratefull, O King! for favours shewn!*
" *Soft to complain*
" *For other's pain!*
" *And bold to triumph o'er my own!*

LXIII.

- " *(When Fortune's kind,)*
" *Acute to find,*
" *And warm to relish every Boon!*
" *And wise to still*
" *Phantastick Ill,*
" *Whose frightful Spectres stalk at noon!*

LXIV.

- " *No fruitless toils!*
" *No brainless broils!*
" *Each moment levell'd at the mark!*
" *Our day so short*
" *Invites to sport;*
" *Be sad, and solemn when 'tis dark.*

LXV. " *Yet*

LXV.

- " Yet Prudence still
" Rein thou my will!
" What's most important, make most dear!
" For 'tis in this
" Resides true Bliss;
" True Bliss, a Deity secure!

LXVI.

- " When temper looms
" To gayer scenes,
" And serious life void moments spares,
" The sylvan chase
" My sinews brace!
" Or song unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII.

- " Nor shun, my soul!
" The genial bowl,
" Where mirth, good-nature, spirit flow!
" Ingredients These,
" Above, to please
" The laughing Gods, the wise, below.

LXVIII. " Tho

LXVIII.

" Tho' rich the wine,
 " More wit, than wine,
 " More sense, than wit, good-will than art,
 " May I provide!
 " Fair truth, my pride!
 " My joy, the converse of the heart!

LXIX.

" The gloomy brow,
 " The broken vow,
 " To distant climes, ye Gods! remove!
 " The nobly-soul'd
 " Their commerce hold
 " With words of truth, and looks of love!

LXX.

" O glorious aim!
 " O wealth supream!
 " Divine Benevolence of soul!
 " That greatly glows,
 " And freely flows,
 " And in one blessing grasps the Whole!

LXXI. " Prophetic

LXXI.

- " *Prophetic Schemes,*
" *And golden dreams,*
" *May I, unsanguin, cast away !*
" *Have, what I have !*
" *And live, not leave,*
" *Enamour'd of the present day !*

LXXII.

- " *My hours my own !*
" *My faults unknown !*
" *My chief revenue in content !*
" *Then, leave one beam*
" *Of honest fame !*
" *And scorn the labour'd monument !*

LXXIII.

- " *Unhurt my urn !*
" *Till that great Turn*
" *When mighty Nature's self shall die,*
" *Time cease to glide,*
" *With human pride,*
" *Sunk in the OCEAN of Eternity.*

F I N I S.

(55)

LXXI.

" Prophecies schemes,
" And golden dreams,
" May I, unheeding, cast away!
" Have, what I have;
" And live, not leave,
" Remembrance of the present day!

LXXII.

" My hours my own!
" My faults unknown!
" My chief resource in conscience;
" Then, leave me peace
" Of heart and soul!
" And leave the labouring monument!

LXXIII.

" Uphold my arm!
" Thy great arm
" When mighty Nature's self shall die,
" Time cease to glide,
" With human pride,
" Such in the OCEAN of Eternity.